

# American Junior Red Cross NEWS





▲ Pictured above admiring hand-woven gift baskets from Samoa are Betty Synamen (left), Bonnie Dodd, and Melva Digman (right), of Seaton School, Washington, D. C.

### **Gifts from Samoa**

In response to a shipment of gift boxes they had received, the JRC members of the American Red Cross chapter in Samoa recently sent 50 handmade baskets to their friends in the United States. These baskets, made of the dried leaves of the laufala tree, contained shell ornaments and hand-woven articles such as purses and tablemats.

The baskets were sent to JRC members in each of the 48 state capitals and the District of Columbia, while one was placed on exhibit in the Red Cross museum at national headquarters.







# American Junior Red Cross NEWS

VOLUME 33      APRIL 1952      NUMBER 6

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"American Junior Red Cross News" is published monthly, October through May (except January), by American National Red Cross. Copyright 1952 by American National Red Cross, Washington, D. C.

Enrollment of elementary schools in the American Junior Red Cross includes a subscription to the NEWS on the basis of one copy for each classroom enrolled. Enrollment is for the calendar year. Enrollment fee is 50 cents per room. For further information concerning enrollment and the Junior Red Cross program see your local Red Cross chapter. Individual subscriptions to the "American Junior Red Cross News" are accepted at 50 cents a year, 10 cents a single copy.

The NEWS was entered as second-class matter January 18, 1921, at the post office, Washington, D. C., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized January 3, 1921.

# April Notes

## Easter

EASTER is a happy time of year. It comes in the spring-time when all growing things in nature are taking on new life. Perhaps that is one reason people begin to think of new spring clothes. We like to sing praises to God for all of his blessings and for all of the beautiful things he has given us on this earth to enjoy.

## Easter Lilies



A. DEVANEY

Everyone is now so gay,  
All are happy Easter Day  
Sunrise lightens the way,  
To the tomb where Christ  
lay;  
Easter lilies brighten the  
way.  
Remember Christ arose  
this day.

—Anne Jones and Jackie Kelley  
Cedar Lake School  
Cedartown, Ga.

## Easter Eggs

DID YOU KNOW that boys and girls can eat too many candy Easter eggs? Enjoy your eggs one by one, and keep your digestion good, too, by eating your candy only *after* you have eaten your meals. In that way you will make Easter last a long, long time!

## Quick Like a Rabbit

WHEN YOU ARE planning to fill gift boxes, had you thought of including hand-made articles? Such gifts seem to mean more because they bring a personal touch from the giver.

By the way, all gift boxes should be filled now "quick like a rabbit," before the end of school.

## It Belongs to Us!

THE STORY is told of a primary child in Caldwell School, Greensboro Chapter, N. C., who talked much about Junior Red Cross at home during enrollment time. Her father became interested and offered to make a contribution. But the child replied, "Oh no, Daddy, you can't do that! Junior Red Cross belongs to us children!"

## Our Cover

"HAPPY, HAPPY SPRINGTIME" is suggested by our cover drawing this month. It was drawn by C. E. Fischer, the armless German artist whose story and circus cover were in the May 1951 NEWS.

—LOIS S. JOHNSON, editor.



Mary Ellen's  
schoolbooks all  
went flying—  
and so did her  
dinner basket

## Signs of Spring

*WINTER had been long and hard on that side of Little Twin Mountain. Even as late as mid-March there were very few signs of spring. Mary Ellen, going*

along the trail to school that morning, looked in vain for a butterfly, a bluebird on the wing, or even a leafing twig.

"It may be spring by the almanac," Mary Ellen was thinking, "but it's still winter hereabouts." Then she saw a dandelion blossom lying like a golden coin on the ground, and started to pick it up.

All of a sudden she stumbled. Her schoolbooks all went flying—and so did her dinner basket. She felt like crying then. So much misfortune to happen at once! Her reader and speller were dirty, the biscuit bread was gritty, and, worst of all, her right shoe had a loose, flapping sole.

**A story by MAY JUSTUS  
about schooldays on Little  
Twin Mountain.**

Illustrated by Joel Lowendahl

Yes, Mary Ellen felt like crying—but she didn't. She hadn't time! She was late as it was, she knew by the sunball over the peak of the mountain.

She picked up her books, repacked her lunch—and started again.

Flop-flop! Flop-flop! went the loose shoe sole. She couldn't possibly hurry along. It tripped her when she tried.

Flip-flop—flippity-flop!

"Oh, my!" thought Mary Ellen. "I'll take off my shoes and go on to school barefooted." Of course it would be cold—but, if she walked fast, maybe she could keep from freezing.

When she got to the schoolhouse the morning exercises were nighabout over. But she didn't get a tardy mark, because the ruined shoe was a good excuse, Miss Ellison said.

The children who were sitting in a circle about the stove made a place at once for her. Soon her frostbitten toes grew warm. She put on her stockings and shoes. Of course she couldn't walk about much. And at recess that morning she had to watch the others in the game of *run-sheep-run*, and this was little fun for her.

She watched Lovie Lane, her chum, as she dashed wildly around the circle with another girl, Susie Owens, right after her.

"I've got you!" Susie cried. There was a tug—a scuffle—and the sound of tearing cloth.

"Oh—oh, look-a-there!" all the children cried. Lovie Lane began crying. Right down the middle of her blue dress was a terrible tear.

"Don't cry," Mary Ellen said to her. "I think I can fix it for you till you can get home anyway."

She remembered the wild haw back behind the schoolhouse. Its slender thorns would pin Lovie's dress quite neatly. At home Mammy kept haw thorns on hand for everyday use instead of store-boughten pins.

When the mending job was completed, both Lovie and Mary Ellen were satisfied with their work.

Just then the school bell rang. Lovie started running, Mary Ellen after her, forgetting the treacherous shoe.

Flip-flop! went the shoe sole. Mary Ellen stumbled and would have fallen had not Lovie caught her. And now she simply could not take a step. The sole had ripped from the upper clear back to the heel.

"You better take it off," advised Lovie, "before you fall and break your neck—that's what you'd better do."

Mary Ellen did this, but she kept her stocking on so that she wouldn't look funny sitting there in school. She would have to walk barefoot all the way home after school was over. She dreaded this, for the ground was so cold and her feet were tender, too.

Long recess which they had at noon was lonesome for Mary Ellen. The children played hide-and-seek in the hollow down below the school, and the teacher played with them. Lovie Lane went home for dinner. Mary Ellen sat on a log in the schoolyard, knitting some cord on a spool.

"Hi, Mary Ellen—look-a-here, now!" She looked around to see Lovie holding out to her her own right shoe.

"See—it's mended," Lovie said. "I took it home to Pappy. He said he fixed it nighabout as good as new—the bottom part, anyway. Put it on right now, Mary Ellen. Don't you want to play hide-and-seek?"

"Yes," laughed Mary Ellen. Then she remembered her manners. "I'm mighty much obliged to you, Lovie—and your Pappy, too."

When Mary Ellen got home that day she was wheezing and sneezing. She had caught cold going barefoot. Granny put her to bed and began doctoring her with hot poultices and herb tea. Mary Ellen didn't mind the poultices, but the herb tea was bitter, especially the dandelion tea.

"It makes me feel worse, I do believe, instead of better," declared Mary Ellen.

"There's nothing like dandelion tea to pearten a sick body," Granny replied as she put the herb kettle back on the chimney hook. "A dandelion poultice is fine, too."

Next morning Mary Ellen was no better. So she had to stay home from school that day.

In the afternoon Granny went out to hunt more dandelions. She had used up all that she had on hand in poultices and tea.

Mary Ellen had to stay by herself. She was feeling very mullygrubby with lonesomeness as well as the bad cold she had.

All of a sudden she lifted her head from her pillow and propped herself upon her elbow. Someone was coming—coming up the hollow trail. It looked like—yes, it was the teacher—Miss Ellison! She had come by on her way home from school. She had picked a bouquet on her way. Now she stood in the cabin door, smiling at Mary Ellen.

"Aren't they beautiful?" she said as she put the bouquet in her hands.

"Yes, ma'am, I reckon so," Mary Ellen said doubtfully.

"Why, Mary Ellen," cried the teacher, "I don't believe you agree with me."

Mary Ellen laughed at the look on her face. "Well, I don't like dandelions. They may be beautiful as you say—but they make mighty bitter tea!"

She made a face just to think of it.

Miss Ellison smiled at her. "You need something to take the taste of that tea out of your mouth! I have something in mind that might do the trick. I think I have it with me."

For a minute or two she fumbled in her bag and at last brought out what looked

like a story paper—the kind she gave out to the members of her Sunday-school class.

"I saved this for you," she said. "There's something in it that I think you'll like—even if it is about dandelions! Keep it to read after I am gone."

She gave the story paper to Mary Ellen. After a little visit she said good-by and went away.

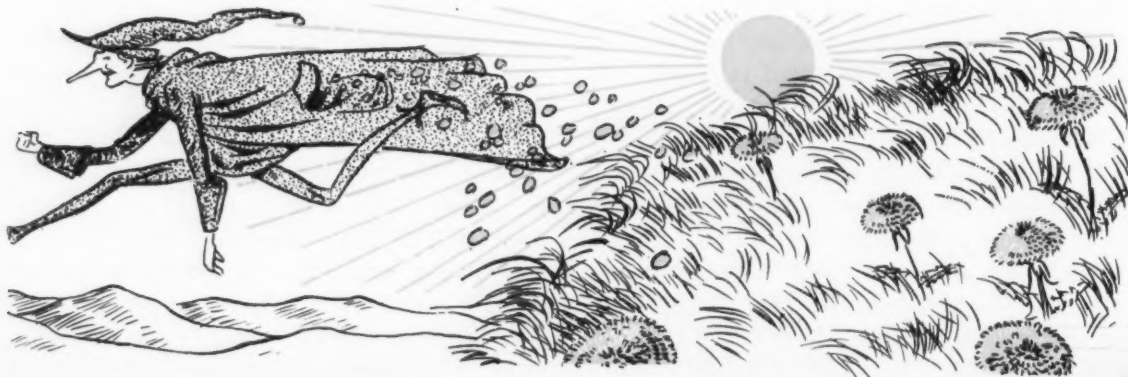
Mary Ellen forgot all about the bad cold as she opened the paper and saw the bright picture—a meadow bright with blossoming dandelions which boys and girls were picking. Under the picture was the story—yes, it was really a story—told in a little verse.

#### DANDELION GOLD

Old Man Winter  
left in such a hurry  
He dropped a pocketful of gold  
That flew in a flurry.  
Perhaps he didn't miss it—  
Perhaps he didn't mind—  
And now it's free for you and me  
And anyone to find.

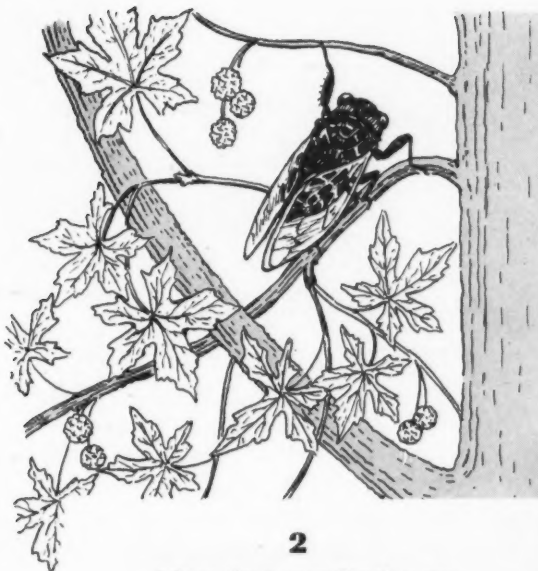
Mary Ellen was smiling now. "Dandelions," she was thinking, "are good for something besides making poultices and tea. They make nice bouquets—and poems, too."

All of a sudden it occurred to her that she felt much better. Maybe, Mary Ellen thought, that dandelion tea has done me some good after all. She might be able to go back to school tomorrow—or the day after, anyway.





# Things to See in a Tree



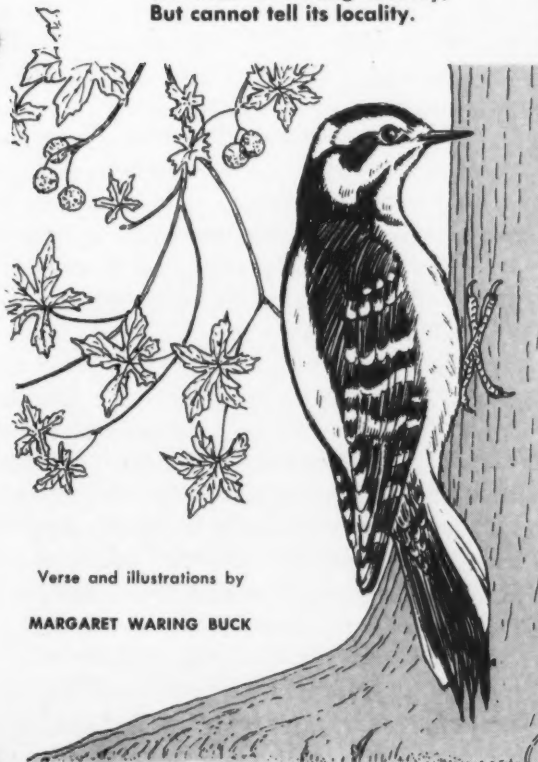
1

An insect buzzing in a tree  
Is a cicada probably,  
But anyway it is a "he"  
Buzzing to attract a "she."



2

A frog that's very hard to see  
Is one that lives up in a tree.  
We hear its trilling melody,  
But cannot tell its locality.



3

A rat-tat-tat upon the tree  
Means Woodpecker's busy as can be.  
His head is nodding one-two-three,  
But he never gets a bit dizzy.

Verse and illustrations by

MARGARET WARING BUCK

-WMB-



## A Hat for Mama . . .

Rosa Kohler Eichelberger

Illustrated by Ann Eshner

**This great new country of America seemed to give Stan everything—except the one thing he wanted most.**

**S**TANISLAUS SOKOLOWSKI flopped the second stack of old newspapers on the floor of the junk shop. Stan was hot and tired on this April afternoon, but he was happy. Because with the money from the sale of these old newspapers that he had saved for weeks, he would be able to buy a hat for Mama.

"And how much I get for two stacks, Mr. Matuska?"

"Well, not much, I'm afraid, Stan. I've weighed them and they come to between five and six cents. I'll give you six cents."

"S-s-six cents?" Stan was so surprised that he stuttered. And somebody had told him that he could get good money for old newspapers.

"But—Mr. Matuska! Well—thank you."

He took the six cents, and throwing the rope of his homemade wagon over his arm, he left the junk shop. He was glad he had remembered to say "thank you." But *six cents*—

A hat cost five dollars, his mother had said. And certainly in this city of New York, in this fine new land, it wasn't too much to want a hat for Mama. She had thought that he had died in the old country, but she kept on looking for him. And six months ago Mama and the International Refugee Organization had found him and brought him to America.

Mama had been in the United States more than five years. And tomorrow she would go to the Immigration Building and she would become a citizen, real American.

And she just couldn't wear that old *babushka* that she threw over her head. The *babushka* belonged to the old country. The ladies in the United States wore *hats*.

As Stan turned into Third Avenue, he saw Mr. Rosenblatt outside his delicatessen shop. Maybe he could work for Mr. Rosenblatt. "Uh—Mr. Rosenblatt. I could deliver for you. Look, with my wagon, I could deliver things *good*. Honest."

"Oh-ho, Stan. Sure I'll give you a job. You're a good boy. But you're such a little boy. You got a permit?"

"A permit? What's that?"

"No, I see you got no permit. Stan, little boys don't work here in the United States. We—us, we vote to protect little boys. When you are older, you get a permit. Then I'll give you a job."

"But today? I cannot work for *anybody*?"

"You're too young. Look, you got enough to eat. Your Mama, she feeds you fine. She's got a job. What you want money for?"

"Well, thank you," Stan said and turned away. Mr. Rosenblatt would never understand about the hat. Stan blinked his eyes but he didn't cry. That was for the old country. You could cry when your father was taken prisoner. You could cry when you knew he was dead. But in this wonderful new land, you didn't cry.

He trudged toward home. He bumped the wagon up three flights of steps and entered the one-room apartment. His mother was already home. It was the afternoon that she was free from her house-keeping job at Mrs. Caldwell's.

His mother had stuffed the *babushka* into the sleeve of her coat and left them both on the table that covered the bathtub. The sight of the old *babushka* aroused a sudden fury in Stan. He punched it.

"Mama, today maybe you will buy a hat?"

"Now, Stan," his mother laughed happily, "I'd rather buy something for you. My *babushka* is all right. It is like the scarves that the Americans wear."

"But, Mama, you can never *look* like an American until you wear a hat."

Mama just laughed. She didn't understand at all the importance of looking like an American.

"I'm going out, Mama. I'll be home for dinner." Somehow he must get her a hat.

He started out in deep thought. He would walk toward Madison Avenue, because in Vada's Hat Shop he had seen just the hat for Mama. It was deep gold with a white ribbon. It would be just right with Mama's blue eyes. Maybe he would go in and ask the price. Maybe it didn't cost as much as five dollars.

And on the way, he might find a lot of money and somebody would give him *five dollars* reward for returning it.

The trash baskets! The boys at school said that sometimes people found valuable things in them. But the first basket yielded only newspapers and matchbooks.

Then Stan saw that he was near Vada's Hat Shop. He walked toward the window. Yes, the hat was still there.

He murmured, "It's a free country. I can go in and ask the price. Nothing will happen to me." And he pushed open the door.

There was only one lady in the store and she was at the telephone. She was pretty and well-dressed and had the most beautiful yellow hair that Stan had ever seen.

She was shouting into the phone, "Coco is a good dog; he never howls. Just get Johnny to take him out for his walk. What? Johnny isn't there? No one to take him out?" Then, as she saw Stan, she said crossly, "I'll call you back."

Hanging up the receiver, she said in an angry voice, "I could choke that boy."

And Stan remembered such things during the war, *real choking*, and he just couldn't help it. He had to say it. "In the United States you do not choke little boys."

"Wha-at?"

"It is not right to say such things."

"Oh, now look, son, it's just a way of talking. Now I'm a busy person. Let's get this over with. What do you want?"

The yellow-haired lady handed him a bag. It was as light as a cream puff. "Don't open it," she said.



"A hat for Mama." He pointed to the hat in the window. "That gold one with the white ribbon."

"Oh, did Mother send you to ask the price? It's fifty-four dollars. It's a Paris original."

"But I thought a hat cost *five dollars*."

"Well, maybe I could make a copy—did your mother send you?"

"No, she won't buy one because they are so expensive. But you see she must have a hat for tomorrow so she'll look like an American."

"I don't get it. Tell me about this."

And Stan told her all about how Mama must have a hat when she became a really true American tomorrow.

The yellow-haired lady was very quiet

when he finished. Then she began to talk slowly as if she were saying words that were new to her. "Stan, Americans help each other. Now, I need your help. Will you go to my hotel and get my dog Coco, and bring him down here?"

"Why, sure. I can look in the trash baskets as I go."

"No, no! Forget that trash basket thing. There's no law against it, but, gosh, it isn't American. Go and get Coco for me. Here's the address, and I'll phone and tell them you're coming."

Stan found himself outside the shop. There was nothing to do but go after the dog. It was only a short walk. The hotel people were waiting for him, and Coco turned out to be a brown spaniel, so affec-



tionate that he loved everyone on sight.

With the dog on the leash, it wasn't long before Stan was back. The hat was still in the window. He wanted to look at it, but the dog tugged at the leash and dragged him into the shop. Stan placed the leash in the lady's hand and started toward the door.

"Wait! Wait!" said the yellow-haired lady. "Here is something for your mother. Don't open it. Look, I'll staple it," and she put the end of the bag in a small machine and punched it several times, and the bag was firmly closed with little pins.

"It's for your mother." She grabbed Stan and hugged him. "I know you are both going to be the best Americans in the country. And Stan, I hope we Americans never let you down."

"Thank you very much," Stan said as he took the bag. It was as light as a cream puff. Why did everybody always give them something to eat? In this United States nobody was ever hungry, not really, truly hungry.

As he left the shop, he took one last look at the hat in the window. He knew now that he would never get it in time for Mama to wear tomorrow.

He frowned at the bag all the way home. This new country seemed to give him everything—except what he wanted. If it was such a great country, why couldn't he get

the only thing in the world that he wanted—a hat for Mama?

He didn't even speak to the boys on the steps of his house. He climbed the three flights of stairs, and when he was in his own apartment he flung the bag on the table. "Lady sent it," he said.

"Oh. It is for me? Everybody is so nice," his mother smiled.

His mother opened the bag. Then, because he heard her catch her breath, Stan looked. He couldn't believe his eyes. Out of the bag was coming something deep gold, a bit of white ribbon—a *hat*, the very hat he had last seen in Vada's window. How did the Americans do these things?

Mama touched the gold straw, "Oh, Stan"—her voice was a whisper.

"Mama, Mama—" he flung his arms around her. "Put it on. Put it on. I'll get the mirror." He flew to get the hand mirror and held it in front of Mama. Yes, the gold was just right—the size, the style; everything was perfect. What wonderful things happened in this fine country!

Tomorrow Mama would go to the Immigration Building. She would say, "I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of America. . . ." And then, with her new hat perched on her head, she would not only *be* an American, she would *look* like an American.

Steve flew to get the hand mirror and held it in front of Mama.



A battered doll recalls happier days in this flood-wrecked home in Kansas City, Kans.



**Your National Children's Fund was Johnny-on-the-spot to help schools wrecked by last summer's Midwest floods.**

## Fund for All—

**F**OR MANY YEARS children in the Midwest had been contributing to the National Children's Fund. Their nickels and dimes went to help boys and girls overseas, they knew. Little did they think that someday they themselves would be on the receiving end of help from the Fund.

But that was before the terrible floods of last July, which swept over 750 miles in parts of Kansas, Missouri, Oklahoma, and Illinois. Homes were wrecked, stores and farms ruined. Red Cross stepped in to give emergency help.

When the waters receded it was found that many schools were totally demolished or badly damaged. Waters reaching 7 feet had ruined books, science equipment, globes, maps, shop tools, band instruments.

Then it was that Junior Red Cross through the National Children's Fund, came

to the aid of boys and girls in the Midwest. Back came part of the money which they had generously given to the Fund at some time—back to their own schools to help replace equipment swept away by the flood. In all, \$30,169 was spent from the Fund.

To teachers and school superintendents, deeply worried lest schools could not be reopened, the news that help could be given from the National Children's Fund came as a fairy-tale answer to many of their problems.

As for boys and girls in the Midwest, the news that they were on the receiving end of aid from their own Fund reminded them of the Biblical quotation—

*Cast thy bread upon the waters:  
for thou shalt find it after many days.*



In December 1951 Mr. Livingston Blair, national director of the American Junior Red Cross, presented the 500,000th AJRC gift box to President Heuss of the German Republic. German Juniors last Christmas prepared gift boxes of their own for refugee children—260,000 of them.

One group of German Juniors is pictured at left assembling gifts.

## Our friends in Germany

Pictures just received from Germany show how our friends in that country are making good use of gifts from the American Junior Red Cross.

An allotment of \$55,000 from the National Children's Fund has supplied the German Junior Red Cross with sewing machines, cloth, and carpenter's tools. Here is one of the new sewing rooms. ➤



Our friends in Germany read about our country in the American Junior Red Cross NEWS. ➤





◀ Toys for hospital children are given a bright new coat of paint by JRC members.

## Busy Bees



▲ Boy at map shows his classmates at Robert Her-  
rick School just where the Virgin Islands are located.

It's Junior Red Cross enrollment time at Abraham Lincoln School. Mrs. Valeria Hutton (left) is teacher-sponsor.



(All pictures taken in  
St. Thomas-St. John Chapter)



One of the favorite JRC activities at St. Thomas is the painting of toys to be given to boys and girls in the hospital. ➤

## in the VIRGIN ISLANDS

Thomas, St. John, and St. Croix—are active in Junior Red Cross. They are especially skilled in handcraft, weaving, and crocheting. They make many toys for children in hospitals and for the needy. Service is their motto.



▲ Boys and girls at Robert Herrick School sign the Junior Red Cross membership roll. Mrs. Christianita Galiber (right) is school principal.

◀ Proud of their membership in Junior Red Cross is a group of pupils at Abraham Lincoln School, holding this year's enrollment poster.

# He used his head . . .

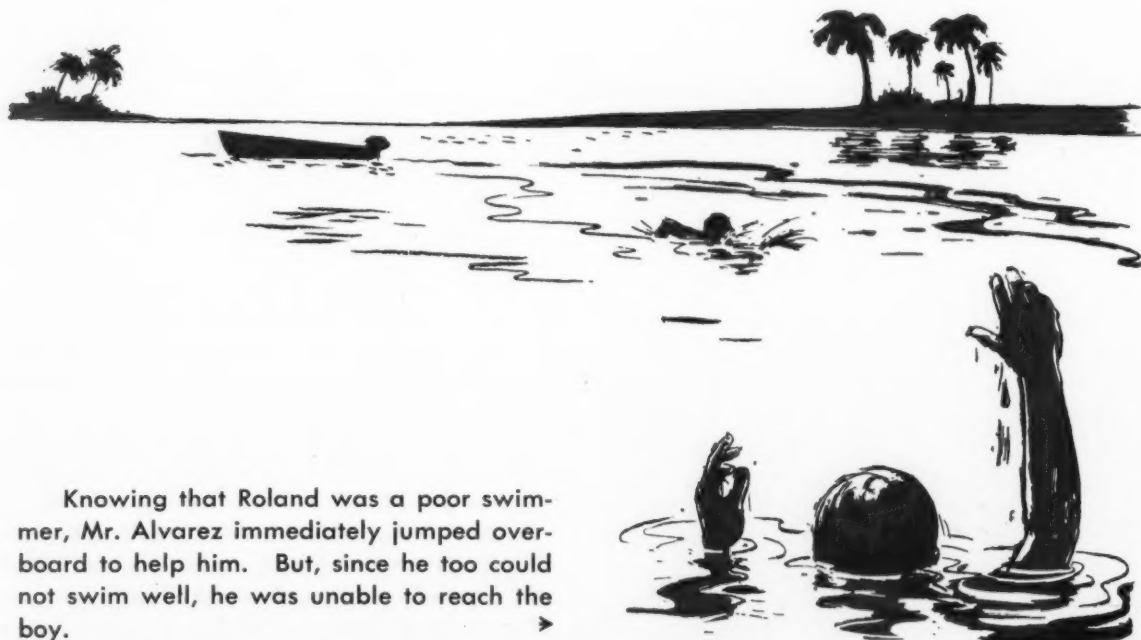
and saved a life because of the training he had had in a Red Cross Life-Saving course.

Marge Hills Tyler

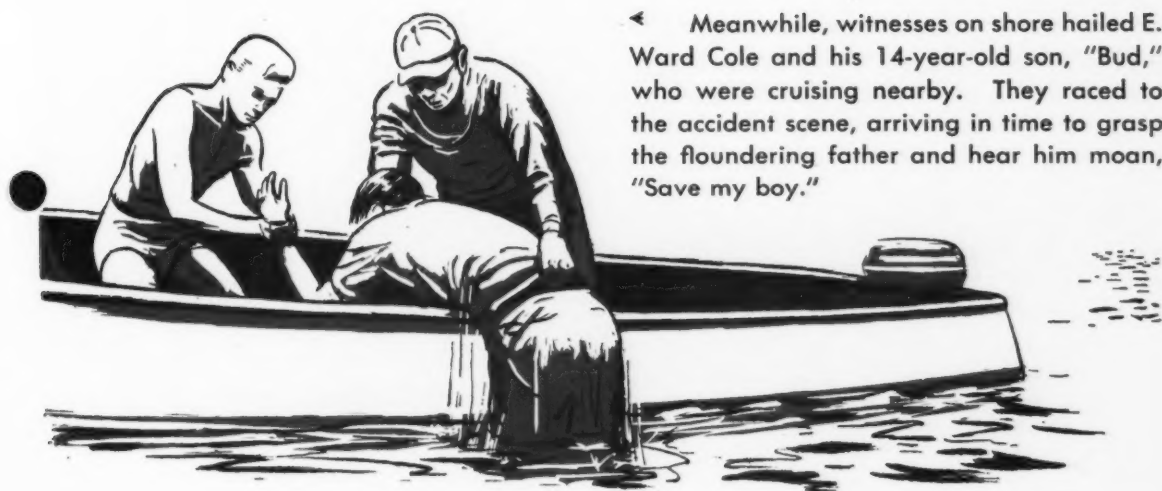
Illustrated by John Donaldson



On a warm day in July when Ernesto Alvarez and his 12-year-old son, Roland, were speedily chugging through Tampa Bay, something went wrong with the outboard motor. Attempting to adjust it without stopping, Mr. Alvarez slipped and threw the small boat into a severe turn which instantly flipped his son into the water.

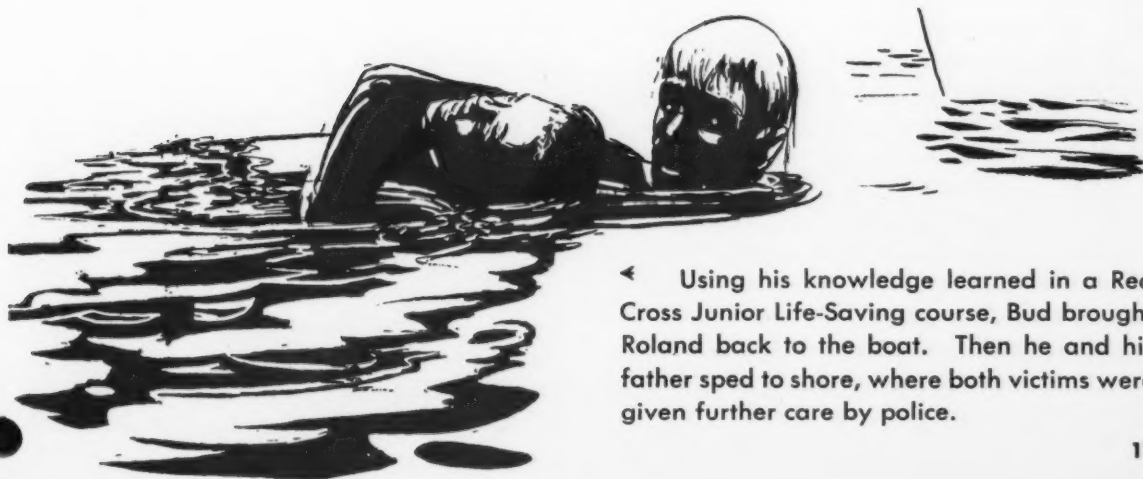


Knowing that Roland was a poor swimmer, Mr. Alvarez immediately jumped overboard to help him. But, since he too could not swim well, he was unable to reach the boy.



◀ Meanwhile, witnesses on shore hailed E. Ward Cole and his 14-year-old son, "Bud," who were cruising nearby. They raced to the accident scene, arriving in time to grasp the floundering father and hear him moan, "Save my boy."

Realizing then that someone else was involved, young Bud dove in and swam about thirty feet to where Roland was holding his breath and thrashing about helplessly just beneath the surface. ▼



◀ Using his knowledge learned in a Red Cross Junior Life-Saving course, Bud brought Roland back to the boat. Then he and his father sped to shore, where both victims were given further care by police.



◀ The "Wolf Gate" in Esslingen, Germany, is very old. The round red signs with crossing white lines on either side of the gate show that cars may not go through the arch from this side.

## Where

In Germany boys and girls learn about traffic safety, too, and how to follow the rules.

**D**O YOU LIKE to sit beside a busy street and watch traffic hurry by? Can you tell which cars are from Texas, or California? Do you wave at truck drivers, or smile back at people in buses who are watching you?

The Germans like to see the world go by, too. They sit on benches along roadsides, or in the marketplace, which is the busiest spot in the whole city.

Most comfortable of all are people who rest their elbows on fat pillows on their own windowsills. There they can lean for hours, watching their friends pass by.

Here, where a street is called a *Strasse*, there are some surprising sights.

A cow slowly pulls a heavy cart piled high with hay from a field nearby, while a farmer walks alongside.

Blasting his loud horn, a truck driver brings an enormous diesel truck around the corner, with black smoke billowing out a

pipe on one side. This makes it dangerous for the driver behind him, who must go slowly in his little delivery truck which has one wheel in front, and two behind.

Two boys in short leather pants stop at the curb to look up and down the street before crossing. The brown packs strapped

This narrow street in Esslingen is an "Einbahnstrasse" where traffic must come only one way. The boy on the bike is stopping to see what these hard-working horses are having for dinner. ▼





When there is a dangerous street crossing, a policeman often helps the children cross safely. ➤

## a Street is a Strasse . . .

Story and pictures by  
**MARCELLA HELLER**



on their backs hold their school books, their lunch, and even their marbles.

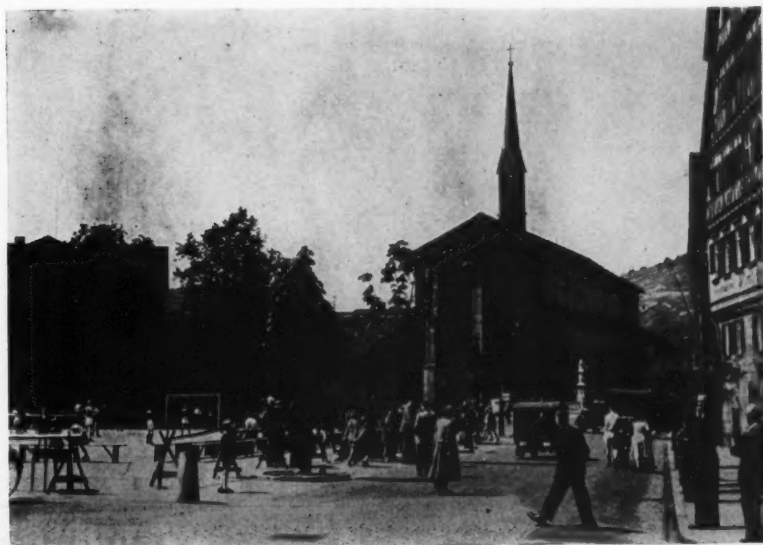
There are cars, of course—big cars and little ones. You can tell when they're going to turn a corner, for most of them have little flippers which point like red fingers the way they want to go. This is being polite to the driver behind.

A policeman, called a *Schutzmann* (which means protector), stands in the center of the crossroads to tell the drivers

when to go. If he faces the cars and holds out his arms, they must stop. When he turns sideways and waves to them, they may drive through. There are very few red and green lights in German cities. On busy corners, the *Schutzmann* keeps traffic going so there are no accidents.

Because many German cities are hundreds of years old, the streets are often narrow and winding, and paved with rough cobble-

(Continued on next page)



◀ Sometimes all the fruit stands disappear from the market place and there is space for play and games. Then jeeps and trucks must go slowly round the square, because many people come to watch the games.

An "Einbahnstrasse" is a one-way street, so these two barefoot German boys pull their load of firewood in the direction the arrow is pointing. ➤



stones. The men who built the cities did not know that someday cars would be invented which would drive down those streets, so they did not think to make sidewalks where people could walk safely, or places for cars to park.

Because there would not be room for two cars to pass, the police make these one-way streets and put up special signs at the beginning of the streets to show that all traffic must go only one way.

In a small grassy park there is a game of ball, played by several boys who kick the ball with their feet and try to bounce it off their heads to the other players. They must not touch it with their hands. If the

ball should happen to roll away and into the street, the players all wait until the road is clear before bringing it back.

Off the road by a large fountain stands a brown horse hitched to a milk cart. He is eating his lunch from a bag hung around his neck, while his master sells milk from the shiny tin cans.

All the trucks and horses, cars and motorcycles would seem a new and strange jumble to you at first. When you watch for a while, you see that all the traffic follows a pattern. Then you would be sure that if you followed the rules, too, you would be just as safe walking or biking in Germany as you would be at home.



◀ A little delivery truck with only three wheels is a familiar sight on the streets of Esslingen, Germany. Hans and his sister like to ride with their father.

# Flowers for Cheer

PUPILS of Roland Park School, Baltimore, Md., held a flower show as part of their Junior Red Cross activity. Under the direction of Mrs. Vera Young, their teacher-sponsor, almost every pupil brought flowers to school.

When the bouquets were put on display, the corridors of the school looked like avenues of hothouses. One unusual arrangement showed a miniature garden with a bowl containing two live goldfish.

A large Red Cross was hung behind the center of the exhibit. All the children in school enjoyed the flowers.

Climax of the day was the presentation of the flowers to the Red Cross Gray Ladies for distribution to patients at the U. S. Marine Hospital. There were enough flowers for every room in the hospital.



▲ JRC members from Roland Park School, Baltimore, Md., present flowers for patients at Marine Hospital to Red Cross Gray Ladies.

Almost every pupil had a display in the JRC Flower Show at Roland Park School, Baltimore, Md. ➤



Illustrations by  
Joel Lowendahl



## Queenie's NOT for sale

*A true story by Kathryn L. Gilje  
of a dog that has saved the lives  
of over 200 other dogs.*

**I**T HAPPENED one day in Missouri that a farmer was swinging his scythe across a patch of high grass. His pet dog, Pal, suddenly nosed his way through the dense foliage. In a flash, before the farmer could stop it, the razor edge of the blade slashed into Pal's neck. Blood gushed from the carotid artery.

The farmer felt sick at heart when he saw Pal's sturdy legs begin to buckle. Weakened by loss of blood, Pal sank to the ground. The farmer quickly applied a

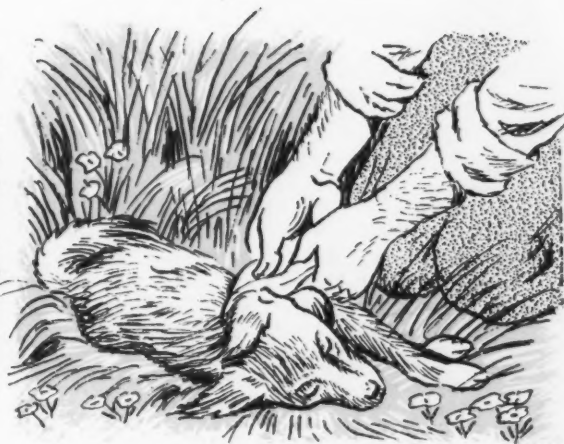
bandage. This partially stopped the flow of blood, but not before a large quantity of precious life-giving fluid was lost. If Pal were to live, his master realized, the lost blood would have to be replaced immediately. That meant taking him to a doctor in nearby Springfield.

Carefully the farmer carried his beloved pet to the house. A pallet was made. Then Pal was lifted tenderly into the car-ambulance for the emergency drive to Dr. Gentry's veterinary hospital.





The scythe slashed into Pal's neck. ▲



The farmer quickly applied a bandage. ▲

There the farmer knew Dr. Gentry kept a wonderful dog named Queenie. Queenie was known to have saved the lives of many sick and injured animals by giving them transfusions of her blood.

When the farmer arrived at the hospital, Pal was limp and motionless. But Dr. Gentry said, "Don't worry, Queenie will pull Pal through."

And sure enough, that is just what Queenie did. A few minutes later, with the help of Queenie's blood, Pal's strength began to return. With his master whispering soft words and patting him gently, Pal opened and closed his eyes and began to wag his tail.

Husky Queenie was proud of the part she had played. She was a strong dog weighing 40 pounds, and had never known a sick day. She had not minded at all giving the 50 cubic centimeters of her good red blood to save Pal's life.

While Pal was recovering, Queenie kept her watchful eye on him. Often she would lick and nuzzle him in true dog affection.

When the farmer came to take Pal home to the farm, he noticed how happily Pal and Queenie were playing together. "I'd like another pet," he said to Dr. Gentry. "How about letting me buy Queenie?"

"No, I can't do that. Many folks want to take Queenie away," Dr. Gentry answered, "but she performs a real mission here at the hospital. She is a fine, healthy dog with a strong resistance to all common dog illnesses. Already she has helped save the lives of more than 200 dogs."

The farmer opened his billfold hopefully. "Is it a matter of price?"

"No," said Dr. Gentry. "There's no price tag on the life-saving blood Queenie gives to needy dogs. And there's no price tag on Queenie. She's simply not for sale!"



The farmer noticed how happily Pal and Queenie were playing together. ➤

# Mr. Squizzle's Scareman



Story by RUTH EVERDING LIBBEY

Illustrations by Connie Dillon

MR. SQUIZZLE and the birds were great friends. That is until they tasted his berries and nibbled his cherries.

"This will have to stop!" cried Mr. Squizzle,  
"There's plenty of seeds  
and nice juicy weeds  
for you to eat."

"I wonder what Mr. Squizzle is making?" chirped a robin from the cherry tree.

"I can't imagine," said a finch in the strawberry patch. "Let's go and watch him."

Mr. Squizzle was nailing a short board to a long stick. Then he pounded the stick in the ground.

"Maybe he's building us another feed tray," chirped the robin.

Mr. Squizzle stuffed some old brown pants and a red, holey sweater full of hay. Then he tied them to the wooden frame.

"What a funny kind of a feed tray," said the finch, "he's putting all the hayseeds inside of the clothes. How can we ever eat them?"

"I know!" chirped the robin, who had been to faraway places. "He's making a scarecrow!"

"Well of all things!" laughed the finch. "So he wants to scare the crows. Well, I hope he doesn't make a scarefinch."

"Or a scarerobin," chuckled the robin. "But he wouldn't want to scare us. We help him by eating slugs and bugs. He likes us."

"But," said the finch thoughtfully, "perhaps he doesn't like the way we've been acting lately,

tasting his berries,  
nibbling ripe cherries."

Mr. Squizzle wrapped a handful of straw around the top of the pole. He plopped an old, floppy, felt hat on the straw head. Then he opened up a dusty, black umbrella and tied it to the scareman's left arm.

"Now then," he said, "this scareman will scare you birds out of my garden. He will stop you from

tasting strawberries,  
nibbling red cherries."

"Goodness, gracious!" whispered the finch, "I do believe that funny, fat scareman is supposed to scare us."

"We'd better mend our ways," answered the robin. "Come on, let's show Mr. Squizzle that we are sorry for what we have done—  
there's hundreds of slugs  
and millions of bugs

for us to eat. If we rid his garden of pests he won't want to scare us away."

So from morning till night the birds ate seeds, weeds, slugs, and bugs. When they were tired they would fly to the scareman's outstretched arms and rest. If it rained they perched up under the umbrella and combed their feathers.

"Mr. Squizzle sure had a fine idea when he made this funny man," said the finch as he nibbled some wheat grains through a hole in the sweater. "It really makes a fine bird-feeder after all."

One day, Mr. Squizzle said, "I guess I was a bit hasty about you birds. It's true you  
tasted my berries  
nibbled my cherries.

But I've noticed also that you've been eating  
hundreds of slugs  
millions of bugs.

I have the biggest crop I've ever had. And I am going to share it with you."

"Chip-ity . . . chice  
isn't that nice!"

sang the finch happily as he sat on the umbrella handle.

In a few minutes Mr. Squizzle returned. He hung a little basket on the scareman's right arm. It was filled with juicy berries and red cherries.

The birds wondered  
what Mr. Squizzle was  
making.

# HAPPY EASTER-TIME

## God Made the Earth

GOD made the earth amid the seas,  
And planted on it glorious trees;  
He made the sun in Heaven,  
To shine for you and me.

He made the stars in Heaven  
To shine so wondrous bright  
That you and I may see  
The glorious, wonderful light.

—LORETTA COOMER  
Edgewood Grade School  
Indianapolis, Ind.

## Birds and Flowers

ROSES and other flowers  
Grow pretty in the spring;  
Tulips grow pretty in the spring too.  
Birds sing in the spring  
Birds build nests in the spring  
Birds fly and sing  
In the spring.

—PATTIE FITZGERALD  
Hill Demonstration School  
Delta State Teacher College  
Cleveland, Miss.

## Wee Beasties

THE WORLD is full of wee beasties:  
Caterpillars, brown and furry,  
Timid, funny little bunnies,  
Colorful, flitting butterflies,  
Fluffy, mewling white kittens,  
Buzzing little honeybees —  
Look for wee beasties everywhere.

—ELAINE CAGGIANO  
Wilson School  
Waterbury, Conn.

## My Reward

I WORKED so hard one day last fall,  
Digging in the dirt;  
I dug and dug into the ground  
Until my fingers hurt.

My knees were tired from kneeling down,  
My back was badly bent.  
But I was going to plant my bulbs  
No matter what it meant.

It seemed like such hard work right then.  
But don't we always learn  
That no matter what we ever do  
We get something in return?

My garden's blooming, now it's spring,  
With flowers big and bright—  
To prove the things that are worthwhile  
Are not earned overnight.

—BARBARA GODLEY  
School Seventy  
Indianapolis, Ind.

## From the Soft Brown Earth

A BLADE of grass so small and fine,  
A giant tree so tall.  
They are looked upon from heaven,  
From heaven up above.

A rose, a fern,  
Such nimble things,  
Come from the soft brown earth,  
From the soft brown earth below.

—CAROLYN ALKIRE  
Campus Laboratory School  
San Diego State College  
San Diego, Calif.

USDA PHOTO







Everybody at Baton Rouge Junior High pitches in to decorate tray favors for the polio center of Baton Rouge General Hospital.



## Egg-zactly right

Easter egg favors made by JRC members in Baton Rouge, La., bring a message of cheer and friendship to little polio patients in the local hospital (East Baton Rouge Parish Chapter).

A gay clown favor made by Goodwood School pupils greets this little patient at Easter-time. ➤



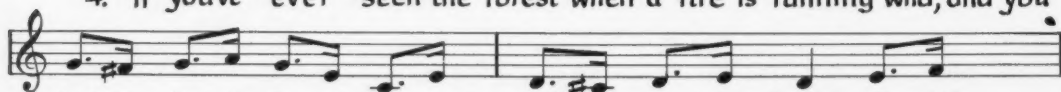


# SMOKEY THE BEAR

By STEVE NELSON and JACK ROLLINS



1. With a Ranger's hat and shovel and a pair of dungar-ees you will
2. You can take a tip from Smokey that there's nothin' like a tree, 'cause they're
3. You can camp upon his doorstep and he'll make you feel at home, you can
4. If you've ever seen the forest when a fire is running wild, and you



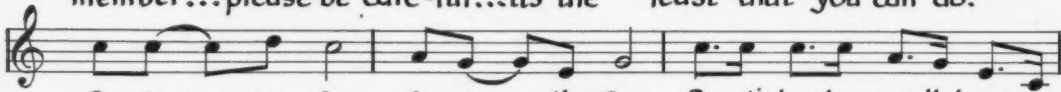
find him in the forest always sniffin' at the breeze. People  
good for kids to climb in and they're beaut-i-ful to see, you just  
run and hunt and ramble any - where you care to roam. He will  
love the things within it like a moth-er loves her child, then you



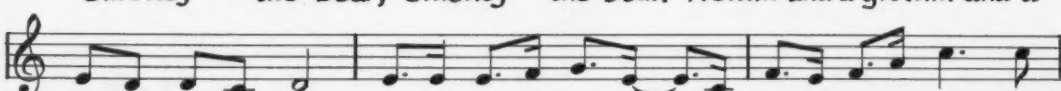
stop and pay at-tention when he tells 'em to be-ware, 'cause  
have to look a-round you and you'll find it's not a joke, to  
let you take his hon-ey and pre-tend he's not so smart, but  
know why Smok-ey tells you when he sees you pass-ing through, "Re-



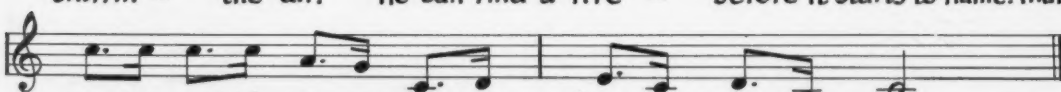
ev'-ry - bo-dy knows that he's the Fire Pre-ventin' Bear.  
see what you'd be mis-sin' if they all went up in smoke.  
don't you harm his trees for he's a Ran-ger in his heart.  
member...please be care-ful...its the least that you can do."



Smokey - the Bear, Smokey - the Bear. Prowlin' and a growlin' and a



sniffin' - the air. He can find a fire - before it starts to flame. That's



why they call him Smokey, that was how he got his name.

